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MONEY LOST ON SHIPS.

A Shipwreck the Most Profitable Thing for an Owner.

Ship Merchants' Old Signs—Kerosene the Chief East India Cargo—The Figures of Profit and Loss.

[New York Sun.] A distinguishing characteristic of South street is the appearance of the signs over the offices of ship brokers and merchants. New York signs are in themselves a curious study, ranging as they do from an expensive panorama in a Broadway window to a three-for-a-quarter hash placard in a cheap restaurant, each conveying the impress of artistic promise to the persons for whom it is intended. The sign of the ship merchant is neither artistic nor expensive. It is simply old, so very old, in some cases, that the paint has been worn off by the wind and storm, leaving only a faint outline of the letters in black or gold on a coffee brown background, which might once have been either white or black, for all a passing inspection will tell. The old signs which once read "Howland & Aspinwall," and "Grinnell, Minn & Co." have been wholly obliterated. Like every other choice mercantile pipe, the old signs gain value with increased age. To remove one of them would give pain to scores of gray-haired shipmasters, who first saw them as cabin boys, fresh from some coast or inland village.

In these shipping offices the visitor will usually find in the room marked "private" a general old gentleman who can name the products of every country on the globe, can tell the cost, the demand for, and the value of each, and the number of ships engaged in the traffic. With this information, the visitor is pretty sure to be told of the profits once made by shipowners, and that never since ships began to sail the sea have profits been so small as now.

"Ships must pay some profit to shipowners, or else the shipyards would be idle," suggested a young man to one of the pleasant old brokers.

"Some ships pay, of course, but at best the profit is not large."

"What freight will a good East India ship receive now?"

"The chief East India cargo is kerosene oil in ten gallon cases, which weigh eighty-four pounds each. A large ship will carry say 75,000 cases. The largest cargo on record was carried by the Iron ship Lord Wolsley. She took 101,000 cases out. The great majority of ships carry about half as much as that. We sent out a bark with 40,000 cases not long ago. She got 26 1/2 cents, or \$10,000 gross. If she is lucky she will get jute or sugar bark at say \$7. She will bring 1,500 tons or \$10,500 gross, and she will earn it in a year."

"A ship like that costs \$50,000, and \$21,000 is a small gross income. Out of this sum of \$21,000 she has sundry expenses which will astonish you, perhaps. For a crew she carries a captain, two mates, a cook, and fourteen men. The captain gets \$30 a month, and 5 per cent. of the gross freight money, or \$1,415 for the year. The first mate will get \$600, the second mate, \$420; the cook, \$480, and the fourteen men will get \$3,360, or a total of \$8,275 for wages. To feed them will cost \$9 a day, or \$3,285 for the year. It pays to feed them well, but it could be done for less, of course. Then out of the freight money comes 1 1/2 cents a case for stowing the oil, and 35 cents a ton for discharging the return cargo—a total of \$1,225. The brokerage on the cargo out is 5 per cent, and back 7 per cent, or \$1,365. Port charges at Shanghai are 3 cents a case, or \$1,300. Pilot fees will amount to \$300. Then we have insurance at 5 per cent, \$2,500; annual deterioration, 5 per cent, \$2,500; tonnage tax at 30 cents a ton, \$900; and interest on investment at 4 per cent, \$2,000."

"Is that all?"

"There are a few small incidentals. Oh, I forgot the ship chandler's bill. It was \$2,600. That's all that's worth counting."

"The young man had jotted down the sums. They aggregated for the year \$28,550. "That's just about it," said the broker, with a faint smile. "You cannot make a more favorable showing, because you have estimated the insurance at a low rate, and the return cargo always a matter of some doubt. Besides, a year is a good round trip. You see, the owner is \$2,500 or \$2,600 out of pocket."

"Why does he build new ships, then?"

"Give it up."

"Do all these ships sail at a loss?"

"That one was only of 1,000 tons register. Take a ship registering 2,300 tons, and she will carry 75,000 cases of oil out, and will bring back 3,000 tons of cargo. Her freight will amount to about \$40,000, while her expenses over those of the bark of 1,000 tons will be about \$15,000, leaving a clear profit of \$4,000 on an investment of \$110,000, providing that she has ordinary good luck. The best luck that could happen to the owners of the bark would be a wreck when she was fully insured."

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

[London Letter.] London is blessed with many philanthropists. Among them is the archbishop of Canterbury. He has recently been speaking in behalf of the London poor. He deplores the want of green fields and fresh air. He hopes to see London studded round with model villages, each with its ring of meadows. Yet when the archbishop came to his throne a few years ago there was a great concentration in London to get him to throw open to overcrowded Lambeth the nine acres or so of meadow that belongs to Lambeth palace. This ground is surrounded by a high brick wall, and is of really no use to any one, as it does not include the palace grounds proper; besides, the bishop has a great palace and immense grounds within an hour's ride of London. It would have been a great boon to crowded Lambeth, but that the archbishop refused to give his sanction.

Melted Wax-Works.

[New York Letter.] There is a difficulty which the managers of the Eden Musee have encountered here in town. The Eden is a museum of wax-works. The temperature has been high to 100 every day for a week. That softens the material of the exhibits, and destroys the likeness. But that does not necessarily spoil their utility. It only necessitated the alteration of labels. President Arthur's face elongated of itself, like a gob of molasses candy still warm. They did not throw it away, but transferred it to the chamber of horrors, where it serves for the evil and misanthropic visage of a murderer. The dumping of a Patti used to stand in a group of stage personages in the main hall. Her round, rosy face was a excellent portrait until this month's heat gradually narrowed it. Now she is a woman, a atrociously slaughtered her four chin and committed suicide.

Rev. G. B. Vandewater: Joy and happiness prove themselves perpetual by the way they impress themselves on the mind, and temporal in the fact that all memory of fades away when they are past.

THE CONSERVATOR.

[Earl Marble.] "But we must return! What will they say! Yes, I know it's a awful risk. In the window here, from the others away, With a taste now and then of the ice, And now and then of—Oh, you wretch! It wasn't at all required That you should illustrate thus with a sketch The speech that of course you admired!"

"No matter how naughty. There you have spoiled The 'classical Grecian knot' In which you like my hair to be coiled, And I really don't know what Other mischief you haven't done! You're just—"

Real naughty! You squeeze like a vise! Why can't you men take something on trust, And be more dainty and nice!"

"There! I'm ready now. What! just one more!"

Oh, aren't you a darling tease! And love me so—one, two, three, four! There! come now, dearest, please, I'm almost afraid of the parlor glare. When they look at my lips they'll see The kisses upon them. "No, no, there; But, sweet, in your eyes, maybe!"

A STROKE OF LIGHTNING.

Visited Bill Nye While Listening to a Concert.

[Denver Opinion.] Last week we went up to the Coliseum at Minneapolis to hear "Theodore Thomas" orchestra. The Wagner trio and Christine Nilsson. The Coliseum is a large rink just out of Minneapolis on the road between that city and St. Paul. It can seat 4,000 people comfortably, but the management like to wedge 4,500 people in there on a warm day and then watch the perspiration trickle out through the claspboards on the outside. On the closing afternoon, during the matinee performance, the building was struck by lightning and a hole knocked out of the Corinthian duplex that surmounts the oblique porticulis on the off side. The lightning struck the flag-staff, ran down the leg of a man who was repairing the electric light, took a chew of his tobacco, turned his boot wrong side out and induced him to change his sock, toyed with a childlain, wrenched out a soft corn and roguishly put it in his ear, then ran down the electric light wire, a part of it filling an engagement in the Coliseum and the balance following the wire to the depot, where it made double-pointed toothpicks of a pole fifty feet high. All this was done very briefly.

Those who have seen lightning toy with a cottonwood tree know that the fluid makes a specialty of it at once and in a brief manner. The lightning in this case broke the glass in the skylight, and deposited the broken fragments on a half-dozen parquette chairs that were empty because the speculators who owned them couldn't get but \$50 apiece, and were waiting for a man to mortgage his residence and sell a team. He couldn't make the transfer in time for a matinee, so the seats were vacant when the lightning struck. The immediate and previous fluid then shot athwart the auditorium in the direction of the platform, where it nearly frightened to death a large chorus of children. Women fainted, ticket speculators fell \$2 on desirable seats, and strong men coughed up a clove. The scene beggared description. I intended to have said that before, but forgot it. Theodore Thomas drew a full breath, and Christine Nilsson drew her salary. Two thousand strong men thought of their wasted lives, and 2,000 women felt for their back hair to see if it was still there. I say, therefore, without successful contradiction, that the scene beggared description.

A World in Pawn.

[Federal Australian.] The idea of the whole globe being hypothecated by countless millions of debtors to a calculable number of creditors is a very startling one, when it is abruptly and nakedly presented. And it is difficult to imagine so vast an estate in liquidation, or to conjecture to what bankruptcy court the creditors would prove their debts, or who would be the official assignees to collect, and distribute the assets.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that the whole world is in pawn, and that its balance sheet shows an aggregate of liabilities which is absolutely appalling. They have been summed up in The Fortnightly Review by Mr. A. J. Wilson, an experienced writer on financial subjects, and the total is the stupendous sum of \$5,344,000,000, an amount which, if represented in sovereigns, it would take a man 172 years to count, at the rate of a sovereign a minute, without a moment's cessation from beginning to end.

To defray the interest on this enormous debt requires \$200,000,000 per annum, which Mr. Wilson represents to be fully equal to the entire earnings of 8,000,000 of people; and "did each individual in these 8,000,000 support a family of three persons only beside himself, the interest upon these debts would imply the absorption of the entire support of a population equal to that of the United Kingdom."

Of course, a calculation of this kind takes no account of the debts owing by municipalities, counties, cities, railway, canal, gas, water, insurance and other public companies. But these would assume still vaster proportions, for the capital sunk in railways alone is 4,000,000,000, and this is of course a debt owing to bond and shareholders; while the local debts—state and city—in the United States amount to \$175,000,000. The mother country is the greatest pawnbroker in the world, and draws \$250,000,000 per annum from the nations and colonies indebted to her.

Mr. Wilson is of opinion that the time has arrived when a stop should be put to this system of mortgaging the future to meet the expenditure of the present, and when England, more particularly, should begin to extinguish her existing liabilities. But his advice is not likely to attract much attention. Nations are just as improvident as individuals, and not one of them has ever been deterred from rushing into a war of ambition or aggrandizement by considerations of the burdens it was entailing on posterity; and the United States is the only one which has taken prompt measures to extricate itself from a national debt.

His Hairpins.

[Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.] A friend of mine who knows Joaquin Miller gave me a funny description of how he used to go calling with him in Washington. That was before Joaquin cut his hair and then he carried it all carefully fixed up with hairpins. They would reach the house and ring the bell. If the lady were at home Joaquin would take off his hat, carefully take out the hairpins, let the hair fall over his shoulders and march into the drawing-room with the poetic stride of Walker of Nicaragua.

Philadelphia Call: People with delicate olfactory perceptions may be interested in knowing that as a rule out of 1,000,000 codfish eggs only 100 survive.

Boston Courier: Sugar is selling at 2 cent. a pound in many places in Cuba, and the question arises what do the grocers adulterate the sand with!

ORIGINAL HIGH ART.

A Realist Comes Down to the Adornments of Commemorative Life.

[San Francisco Post.] "Do you ever print any art items in your paper?" asked a rather seedy-looking man with long hair, a slouch hat, and paint on his fingers, edging into The Post's inner sanctum the other day. "Because," continued the young man, scowling critically at a cheap chromo on the wall, "because I thought if you cared to report the progress of a real aesthetic art culture on this coast, you might send your art critic around to my studio to take some notes."

"Right, eh?" said the editor. "Yes, sir. For instance, there's a mammoth winter storm landscape I've just finished for Mr. Mudd, the bonanza king. It's called 'A Hall Storm in the Adirondack,' and a visitor who sat near it the other day caught a sore throat in less than fifteen minutes. The illusion is so perfect, you understand. Why, I had to put on the finishing touches with my alster and arctic overshoots on."

"Don't say!" "Fact, sir; and then there's a little animal gem I did for Governor Perkins the other day—portrait of his Scotch terrier, Snap. The morning it was done a cat got into the studio, and the minute it saw the picture it went through the window like a ten-inch shell. And the oddest thing about it was that when I next looked at the canvas the dog's hair was standing up all along his back like a porcupine. Now, how do you account for that?"

"Dunno." "It just beat me. When the governor examined the work he insisted on my painting on a spot with the dog chained to it. Said he didn't know what might happen. "Good scheme!" growled the editor. "Wasn't it, though? But my best hold, however, is water views. You know Mr. George Bromley, and how abstracted he is sometimes. Well, he dropped in one morning and brought up before an eight by twelve of the San Joaquin river with a boat in the foreground. I'm blessed if he didn't absentmindedly take off his coat and step clear through the canvas trying to jump into the boat—thought he'd got out rowing, you know."

"Have they carried out that journeyman with the small-pox?" said the editor, winking at the foreman, who had come in just then from the composing-room to swear for copy.

"Small-pox? That reminds me of a realistic subject I'm engaged on now, entitled 'The Plague in Egypt.' I had only completed four of the principal figures when, last Tuesday, the janitor, who sleeps in the next room, was taken out to the hospital with the most pronounced case of leprosy you ever saw, and this morning the boy who mixed the paints began to scale off like a slate roof. I don't really know whether to keep on with the work or not. How does it strike you?"

"It strikes me you had better slide," said the unesthetic moulder of public opinion. "Don't care to send a reporter around?"

"No, sir." "Wouldn't like to order a life-size Gutenberg Discovering the Printing Press, eh?"

"Nary order."

"Don't want a seven-by-nine group of the staff done in oil or crayon?"

"No," said the editor, as he again lowered himself into the depths of a leader on the Romanian imbroglio; "but if you care to touch up two window frames, some desk legs, and the fighting editor's black eyes for four bits and a lot of comic exchanges, you can sail in."

"It's a whack!" promptly ejaculated the disciple of aesthetic culture, and, borrowing a cigarette from the dramatic critic on account, he drifted off after his brushes.

Female Telegraph Operators.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.] "Do women make as good operators as men?" I inquired of a Western Union officer.

"Quite as good," was the reply; "that is, when they attend to business. Some of them are occasionally a little lax, but the men are, too, for that matter."

"How about their pay?"

"Well the pay is not as large as that received by the men. Many of our local offices are short of operators, and by young women who took a commercial course and returned as pay. Now, however, we have them all under salary. Out of town we have hundreds."

I was going to say, of offices in the care of female operators. They are small offices, at places where a man would not stay. For instance, at a village of a couple of score of houses we could not afford to keep an operator at a city salary. But by paying some young girl who lives there \$25 or \$30 a month, which is more than she could earn in such a place at much harder labor, we are able to keep the line open to furnish facilities which the residents find frequent need of. The same remarks apply to many branch offices here and in other cities where business is light, but there is still a demand for local service. If it was not for our women operators these places would not be supplied with telegraphic service at all."

"Don't these telegraph operators in small towns have a great deal of unoccupied time on their hands?"

"Yes, sometimes they go for hours together without receiving a message to send or receive. Some of them spend their time in reading, others in sewing, and one young lady actually studied and learned French, while another I know is digging away at German. In country places, where men are employed as operators, they frequently unite that with some other occupation. Some of them even keep a store, or act as agent for the express companies. The country operator has a very pleasant time of it, and when anything big happens, like a hanging or a murder, and there is lots of work to be done, men are always sent from the city to help him out."

Personal Magnetism.

[Atlanta Constitution.] Whenever you see a man with a host of friends his popularity is, nine times out of ten, explained by the statement that he possesses personal magnetism. This phrase may be misunderstood. It does not mean that a man is charged with a superabundance of electricity, which affects all who come in contact with him. Personal magnetism is one of the simplest things in nature. The wide-awake, progressive, manly man, with a big, warm heart in active sympathy with all that is noble and generous in his fellowmen, naturally draws around him a circle of admiring friends. It is not in human nature to stand aloof from such a man. Such men are the leaders in every circle, and nothing can resist their influence. People who regret their utter want of magnetism will not have far to go to find it, if their hearts are all right. The main thing is to show a genuine sympathetic interest in every human being around us. The man who can do this wins friends, and he cannot do it he repels his fellowmen, and is left standing alone.

The Correct Clerk.

[William Washburn.] Men used to plain business language often like to add a few flowers to their speech, especially before the coffee pot. Yesterday I heard a clerk say to a lady who had just ordered a new dress: "I am very glad to hear that you are so well pleased with your new dress, and I am sure it will be a great success."

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For Infants and Children

What gives our Children rosy cheeks, What cures their fevers, makes them sleep; What cures their colic, kills their worms.

When Babies fret, and cry by turns, What cures their colic, kills their worms.

What quickly cures Constipation, Sour Stomach, Colic, Indigestion.

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Dakota Block, Main St.

First Publication August 22, 1884.

PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

TERRITORY OF DAKOTA, COUNTY OF Morton, ss., in the Sixth judicial district court for said county.

Matilda Otto, plaintiff, vs. Charles Otto, defendant.

The territory of Dakota to the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the clerk of the district court of Morton county aforesaid, and to serve a copy of your answer upon plaintiff's attorney at his office in the city of Bismarck, in Burleigh county, D. T., within 20 days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid the plaintiff in this action will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

T. H. COLLINS, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Mandan, D. T., August 15, 1884.

Said complaint was filed this 15th day of August, 1884.

M. B. DOYLE, Clerk District Court.

First Publication July 4, 1884.

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T.

July 2, 1884.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Laurel Demson against John Butcher for abandoning his homestead entry No. 304, dated June 28, 1883, upon the east half of the southwest quarter and the east half of the northwest quarter of section 14, township 140 N., range 7 W., in Burleigh county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 20th day of May, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

Atty for Contestant.

NOTICE OF APPLICATION for vacation of the plat known as Hunt & Harris' addition to the city of Bismarck, D. T.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned owners and proprietors of Hunt & Harris' addition to the city of Bismarck, Burleigh county Dakota Territory, will on the 20th day of the next term of the district court for the third judicial district, in said territory, to be begun and held at Bismarck in said county and territory, on the 20th day of May, 1884, or as soon thereafter as the matter can be heard, make application to said court for the vacation of the plat of said Hunt & Harris' addition above described, as provided by Chapter 26 of the political code of the Territory of Dakota.

JOS. W. REYNOLDS, Major part in Hunt & Harris' addition.

REYNOLDS, owners and pro-

M. E. REYNOLDS, Atty for Applicants.

Dated at Bismarck, D. T., this 25th day of April, A. D. 1884.

First publication August 23, 1884.

NOTICE OF CONTEST.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK D. T., August 23, 1884.

Complaint having been entered at this office by Andrew J. Seymour against Charles G. Finley for abandoning his homestead entry No. 2,192, dated July 3, 1883, upon the northeast quarter of section 14, township 137, range 74, in Burleigh county, Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear before Charles H. Stanley, notary public, at his office in Steele, D. T., on the 15th day of October, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment. The testimony so taken to be read at a hearing before the register and receiver on the 10th day of October, 1884, at 11 o'clock a. m.

JOHN A. REA, Register.

OLIVER F. CONYNGHAM, Major part in Finley's addition.

EMMETT N. PARKER, Atty for Contestant.

13-17

THE BUYER'S GUIDE is issued March and Sept., each year: 216 pages, 8 1/2 x 11 1/2 inches, with over 3,500 illustrations—whole gallery. Gives wholesale prices direct to consumers on all goods for personal or family use. Tells how to order, and gives exact cost of everything you use, eat, drink, wear, or have fun with. These invaluable books contain information gleaned from the markets of the world. We will mail a copy Free to any address upon receipt of the postage—7 cents. Let us hear from you. Respectfully,

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DOCTOR MACBRIDE.

(George Augustus Sala in Bow Bells.)

Dr. Aeneas Macbride was strong in comparative anatomy, and dissected everything that came in his way. His dissecting-room was in the courtyard of the Palazzo Garimati. It was one of the largest and handsomest in Rome. He made his purchases and placed the packet of cochineal in a side pocket.

"Stay!" he suddenly exclaimed, pausing on the threshold. "I had forgotten something. You must make me up, if you please, that admirably efficacious sleeping draught with the secret of the formula of which only you and I are cognizant, and which has given ease to so many of my patients. Will you prepare it for me at once? I must take it with me."

"With pleasure, illustrissimo ed eccellentissimo dottore," said the apothecary, as he bustled from jar to jar and bottle to bottle, pouring various ingredients into a glass vial. "This is a wonderful sleeping draught to be sure. I have tried it on my wife, who, poor soul, endures agonies from the toothache, and it never fails in producing slumber. To be sure, had you not positively told me that the potion was quite harmless I should have been afraid to use it; for the sleep which it brings about is so deep and so long as to be really like the sleep of death."

He had soon completed his task, and Dr. Macbride, placing the vial in his side-pocket, with the cochineal, left the farmacia. He crossed the Piazza de Spagna, in the direction of the college of the Propaganda; when, just as he reached the spot where now is the monument, his path was crossed by a tall man, who was wrapped in a long black cloak, and wore his broad flapped hat slouched over his eyes.

"It's all very well for you to slouch your hat over your eyes, my friend," said Dr. Macbride to himself; "but I know that hat and cloak very well, or I have previously mistaken. They belong to one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carmine. I once nursed you through a fever, my friend, and gave you money to get your cloak out of pawn. I don't think that you would do me any harm, although folks say that you are a spadacino—a hired assassin!"

Scarcely had he thus mentally expressed himself when he heard, in a low voice behind him, the single word, "Eccolo!" "Here he is!" And immediately he was seized from behind by strong arms, a heavy cloak was thrown over his head, and he was lifted from the ground and carried some yards. Then he was thrust forward on to what seemed to be some kind of bench or seat; the arms which had seized him had relaxed their grasp, a door was slammed and he became aware that he was in a rapidly moving wheeled vehicle.

Dr. Aeneas Macbride had in verily been kidnapped by two men, forcibly carried by them to a coach, one of the doors of which was standing wide, huddled into the vehicle and rapidly driven away. The whole proceeding, indeed, had been watched with interest by an individual who was clad in a long, brown cloak, and who—there is now no indiscretion in saying it—was the namesake man who lived in one of the garrets of the Palazzo Carmine, and whose profession was conjectured to be that of an assassin for hire.

As he watched the carriage rapidly receding into the shadows, the namesake man was jingling some golden coins in his pocket and chuckling merrily.

"Ten ducats," he reflected—"ten ducats only for pointing out the Signor Dottore to them. And they have sworn not to do him any harm. Of course if they had wanted to harm him they would have come to me; but I would not have stabbed the Signor Dottore; no, not for 100 ducats. Let us go and drink a bottle of Chianti."

While the namesake man was thus congratulating himself on the successful result of his exceptionally bloodless night's work, unseen hands had relieved Dr. Aeneas Macbride of the heavy cloak in which he had been muffled, and in which he had been suffocated. He set up to find himself indeed in the interior of what was evidently a carriage belonging to some person of rank. The blinds were closely drawn down, but a small lamp hanging from the roof gave sufficient light for him to see that the opposite seat was occupied by two gentlemen very richly dressed, but whose countenances were wholly concealed by masks of black silk, having deep fringes of the same material. One of the gentlemen hastened to inform him that he must submit to have his eyes bandaged, as the person into whose presence they were about to conduct him was a lady of rank whose name and place of abode it was imperatively necessary to conceal. As he pulled the bandage out of his pocket and proceeded very adroitly to adjust it to the doctor's eyes his companion took occasion to remark that he and the other gentleman were fully armed, and should the doctor at this or any other stage of the proceedings, offer the slightest resistance to any request which was proffered to him, he would be immediately stabbed to death. Upon this admonition Dr. Aeneas Macbride determined, like the canny Scotch he was, to hold his tongue and see—when he was permitted to use his eyesight again—what came of it.

It seemed to him that the carriage was continually turning and was being driven through a great variety of streets, possibly with the view to prevent his forming any accurate idea as to the part of the city to which he was being conducted. The coach at length stopped and the door was opened for him. His two companions took him each under one arm, assisted him to alight, and conducted him up a narrow staircase into a room, where, after a moment's pause, the bandage was removed from his eyes. He found himself in a small drawing-room or boudoir, dimly lighted by wax tapers and richly furnished, although sheets and pieces of tapestry had been thrown over some of the chairs or placed in front of the picture-frames, as though for the purpose of preventing a stranger from too closely identifying the contents of the room. There was a flask of wine on the table and one of the gentlemen filled a large bumper of Venetian glass and offered it to Dr. Macbride.

"I want no wine," he said coolly; "it may be poison for aught I know."

The gentleman who had offered him the wine and who was very tall and clad in a suit of dark blue paduasoy, richly faced with gold, for a reply put a goblet to his lips and tossed off the contents at a draught. Then his companion, who was shorter and stout-

—neither had removed his mask—and who wore a green doublet and coat laced with silver, filled another glass with wine and offered it to the doctor, saying, "You had better drink it. Remember what I told you in the carriage. We allow no trifling in this house; and, besides, you have need to nerve yourself for what you have to do!"

"I don't like Dutch courage," replied Dr. Macbride, "and am not used to drinking to nerve me for my work. Moreover, as I have not the slightest wish to have my throat cut, and you appear to be prepared to cut it"—both gentlemen nodded their heads significantly—at a moment's notice, if things do not go as you wish them to go, I will drink. And now," he resumed, after a very moderate potation, "what is it that you desire me to do?"

"To perform a surgical operation."

"When?"

"This instant."

"Where?"

"You shall see."

As the taller of the two masked men made this reply, he took the doctor by the arm and led him forward. The shorter gentleman lifted a heavy velvet curtain, veiling an open portal, and the three passed into a vast bed-chamber. Here everything in the way of furniture, and even the ceiling and the curtains and counterpane of a huge four-poster bed in the center of the room, had been shrouded in white sheeting. At the foot of the bed there sat, or rather there was half-reclining in a large chair covered with crimson velvet, a young lady—she could be scarcely more than 13—exceeding beautiful and with golden hair that rippled over her shoulders. Her hands were tightly clasped and she was deathly pale. She was clad in a long, loosely-flowing undress robe of some white, silky material, and Dr. Macbride could see that her little feet were bare.

"You see this woman, this most lovely and unhappy woman?" said in a harsh voice the taller of the two gentlemen. "She has disgraced the noble family to which she belongs, and it is necessary that she should be deprived of life. Here is a case of lancets and you will instantly proceed to bleed her to death."

"She is prepared to submit to her fate," added the shorter gentleman in green and silver, "and you will make the greater possible expedition. I need scarcely say that you will be amply recompensed for your pains."

"I will do no such horrible and unmanly thing," cried Dr. Aeneas Macbride. "Do you think that I, a physician, whose bounden duty it is to do everything that he possibly can to save human life—be it that of the new-born infant or of the dotard of 90—would consent to put to a cruel death a poor lady who should be enjoying all the happiness that earth can give? Do your butchery work yourself; I'll have no hand in it."

"It is precisely," replied the latter gentleman, "because we are desirous that this indispensable work should not be done in butchery manner that we have brought you here. You are known to be the skillfullest surgeon in Rome, and you will perform the operation at once by opening the veins in her ankles. If you refuse, I swear that I and my brother—checked himself before he could wholly pronounce the word "brother"—my companion will fall on you with our poniards and hack you to death."

"Do their bidding," said in a low, faint voice, the young lady in the armchair.

"Do I hear right?" said the doctor.

"You do," assumed the lady. "Do their bidding, or you will incur a fate as dreadful as my own."

Doctor Aeneas Macbride appeared to hesitate for a moment, then he said, "I will do your will; and may heaven forgive me for yielding to you! But I must have a vessel, a large vessel of warm water."

"That shall at once be procured," replied the taller of the masked men, leaving the room. You will remember that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was also tall of stature. He bent over the reclining lady and whispered something to her.

"I have told her," he said, drawing himself up to his full height, "that I will not hurt her much."

Presently two female attendants, each closely masked, entered the room, carrying between them a large silver tub full of warm water. This vessel they placed before the young lady, who, without a word, immersed her feet in the water. Then Dr. Macbride, once more bending over the victim, smoothing the hair on her forehead, and feeling her pulse, knelt in hand, by the side of the silver foot-bath. He arose, looked in the victim's face, chose a fresh lancet, and knelt again by the side of the foot-bath. The water was now deeply discolored. Ere long it was completely crimson.

"Bring another bath—a tub—a bucket—what you will!" said the doctor; "and more warm water!" Then he continued hastily, holding his wrists around the ankles of the patient while the first foot-bath was taken away and another substituted for it. "This will finish the work."

"How she bleeds!" said the tall man, who, with folded arms, was watching the scene. The young lady and fallen back in her chair, her arms hanging loosely.

"She is insensible!" said the shorter of the masked men.

"She is dead!" said Dr. Aeneas Macbride, solemnly.

"How she bled!" repeated the shorter of the two masked men.

"She will bleed no more," said Dr. Macbride. "And now let me ask you what you intend to do with the evidence of your work, and I may almost say my guilt! How do you intend to dispose of the corpse?"

"Put it into a sack full of stones and sink it in the Tiber," muttered the taller gentleman.

"At the risk of the sack rotting, the weights becoming disengaged from the body and of the corpse floating or of being washed on shore and the features recognized."

"Bury it in the garden," suggested the shorter man.

"It is still dangerous," resumed the doctor. "The bodies of buried people that have been murdered have been discovered over and over again. One was, you know, last year in that vineyard close to the Appian Way, and the assassin was brought to justice."

"That is true."

"When you planned your little scheme, gentlemen," the doctor went on almost banteringly, "you should have planned the last act of your tragedy as well as the preceding body of it. Let me tell you that a murdered dead body is a civilized city, one of the most difficult of imaginable things to get rid of. But since I have gone with you so far in this abominable business, I will go yet further and help you to conceal this corpse. Bring it back with me to my surgery in the Piazza de Spagna—I am accustomed to have such burials brought to me at dead of night—and I'll dissect her. By which I mean that in less than twelve hours no recognizable trace will remain of your deceased relative—if relative she is."

The victim was evidently stone dead. After a long consultation the masked men acceded to the proposition of the doctor, who appeared to have become so completely their accomplice, and who accepted, with many protestations of thanks, a large purse of gold sequins. Again he submitted to have his eyes bandaged, and again he was conducted to the coach to wait below; but something also accompanied the party, and was placed on the seat beside the doctor. That some-

thing else was the body, rolled up in many thicknesses of white linen, of the lady who had been bled to death! The carriage made a route as circuitous as before to the Piazza de Spagna, but it was then, at Dr. Macbride's request, driven round to the entrance of the narrow lane behind the Palazzo Carniuli. Then the burden, wrapped in white linen, was carried by the doctor and the taller of the masked men by the back door into the dissecting-room, and laid like a stone on the table. The doctor noticed that his fellow-bearer was trembling violently, and he had evidently had enough of horrors for that night.

Three months afterward Dr. Aeneas Macbride returned to Edinburgh, bringing with him his wife, a young and extremely handsome Italian lady of a noble Roman family. Pope Benedict XIV, the enlightened and humane Landrethini, had had much to do with bringing about the union of the hands of a young lady with "Il Dottore Aeneas Macbride Scotezzese." He had informed the young lady's brothers, Don Raffaello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, counts of that ilk, that if they did not consent to the match and pay over a large fine to the Apostolic chamber they would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law for having basely attempted to murder their sister by causing her, as they thought, to have the veins of her ankles opened. Dr. Macbride, while pretending to execute the dreadful behests of Don Raffaello and Don Antonio Cordisoglio, had first administered her a potion which speedily reduced her to complete insensibility, and had next skillfully mingled with the warm water in which the feet of the patient were immersed the contents of the packet of cochineal which he had purchased at the farmacia Pancerrotto. The poor girl's only offense had been that she had imprudently, and in mere girlish folly, encouraged for a short time the addresses of a young man much her inferior in rank; but by her haughty and vindictive brothers this transient flirtation was deemed a crime which her death alone could expiate. How fortunate it was that Dr. Aeneas Macbride was so much addicted to making anatomical "preparations," necessitating the use of cochineal for their perfection. I fancy, however, that after his marriage he ceased to dissect small dead hands, and consoled himself with covering small live ones with kisses.

The Bet Still Undecided.

[Chicago News.]

Two well-meaning men, one from St. Louis and the other from St. Paul, had an argument in the Sherman house on the pronunciation of the word deppo.

"I say it is 'dee-po,'" said the St. Paul man.

"And I say it's 'day-po,'" answered the St. Louisian.

In the course of time they put up \$5 apiece and agreed to leave it to a tall, fine-looking man on the other side of the rotunda.

Going up to him, the St. Paul disputant said: "My friend and I have a small bet on the pronunciation of the word 'dee-po.' I say it is 'dee-po,' and he says it is 'day-po.' Now who is right?"

"Pardon me," replied the stranger, "but I never heard the word before. How do you spell it, and what does it mean?"

The betting men looked at each other dubiously, and one said—"D-e-p-o-t, a railway station."

"Oh, yes, yes; excuse me. You mean 'dee-po,' of course. Yes, yes, dee-po. It is pronounced 'dee-po.'"

"Look here," yelled the St. Paul man, "where do you come from?"

"Well, there can't be no Boston man settle a bet for me on the English language. Come on; let's interview Carter Harrison."

Rochefort's Absent-Mindedness.

[Times's Magazine.]

Personally he was amiable, generous to prodigality to his companions, and absent-minded. He was one of those whose brains are winging in the clouds, while their boots may be gathering slush in the gutters. They say that he was so forgetful that he went to Brennan's one evening in response to an invitation to dinner. On arriving, the name of his host had quite escaped him. He explained his dilemma to the landlord.

"There is but one way out of it," said the good-natured Brennan, "we must pass in review all the diners in the house; but as your visit might appear instructive, put a napkin over your arm and come with me as my head waiter."

The notion suited Rochefort down to the ground, and they made an inspection of all the cabinets and all the tables in the dining-room, but in vain. Rochefort did not find his Amphitryon. Suddenly he slapped his forehead and exclaimed: "What an ass I am! The appointment was for Saturday last."

An Original Character.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Young Authors—My dear, I want a heroine for my new novel. She must be very talented and somewhat unconventional, in fact very original. Can't you give me an idea?

Her Husband—Certainly, love. You want her to possess a combination of traits never before dreamed of, I suppose?

"That's it, that's it. But it must be a combination calculated to make a man love her to distraction."

"I see. Well, in the first place she should be literary."

"Of course."

"The author of a book?"

"Just the thing; but how shall I make her entirely different from other literary ladies?"

"Have her look over her husband's wrist-robe and sew on the buttons before starting any new novels."

They Grow Large in Boston.

[Boston Globe.]

The office boy of a Milk street lawyer came in Saturday night and said he had just seen a fight in the back office between a rat and a cockroach.

"Which licked?"

"Oh, the cockroach beat him all holler, and drove him into his hole."

"Did he follow him up?"

"Yes, he tried to, but the hole was just big enough to let the rat through, and when the cockroach came to try it he got stuck and had to give it up."

How to Remove Spots.

[Texas Sittings.]

An Austin youth whose income is not quite as extensive as that of Vanderbilt's got a large ink spot on his coat. He asked a friend how the stain could be removed.

"You can get a chemical preparation for 25 cents. Just soak the spot with it and it will come out."

"I guess I had better soak the whole coat. I can get \$4 by soaking the coat."

KING OF WALL STREET

A Long Race to Get Even with the Game.

An Experience which Recalled the Inquisition's Tortures—Victory at Last—A Glimpse After Four Years' Time.

[New York Sun.]

The title of "King of Wall Street" was conferred upon me in the sumptuous outer office of a broker in the street at the close of the last presidential campaign. The ticker had struck off Ladd's time, 2:15 p. m., and the stock quotations which followed carried prices up to a point that, after a long summer's hard work, and repeated nightmares of utter ruin, made me even with the Wall street game. When a certain stock touched a certain eighth, my elaborate calculations demonstrated that I would be just where I started in the previous May, and that if I sold out I could leave Wall street even.

BETWEEN THE WHEELS.

How I had longed for that moment! No pen could tell. I was short of one stock that was sailing up like a balloon, and I was long of another that was dropping like lead. The genius that turned the wheel of fortune seemed to be doing double duty, and I was caught between the wheels, with my feet bound to one and my hands to the other. Every time the little wheel of tape went around I got an extra wrench. To add to the pleasures of existence, the put-and-call sellers would bring in the most delicate tidbits of gossip, indicating that Jay Gould was going to put my short stock up higher than it had ever been before, and that my long stock was going to the bow-wows, where it would only have a speculative value. This meant that the stock I thought was selling too high at 90, Jay Gould, though cheap at 105; and the coal shares, that seemed to me below their intrinsic value at 47, were doomed to sink to 10 or thereabouts, to lead a sickly toadstool existence.

LIKE GRIM DEATH.

Kind friends gathered around me one gloomy afternoon and advised me earnestly to close out just where I was, to lose all that I had put up as margins, and to give my note to the broker for half as much more, and come again some other day to try my luck. I concluded that I was a member of a congress of fools. Limp and sickly as I was, I felt enough self-confidence to resist acting upon the advice. I had seen one green navigator in these treacherous seas yield grudgingly to such advice, and had afterward noted how, when he got out and settled his losses, his stocks bettered, and soon reached a point where he could have saved himself. Then I had heard the kind friends who had induced him to sponge off the slate, to try again some other day, cackle over his foolishness in running away at the first sign of trouble. Had it not been for this experience I verily believe that I would have been mortgaged to-day to the Wall street broker. The kind friends meant no harm. In the excitement of speculation, advice in grave money matters is the cheapest thing in Wall street. It adds interest to the game and costs nothing.

So I held on like grim death to a deceased colored person. I was on duty by the ticker five hours a day, watching for the combination of figures that was to land me high and dry. Sometimes the "ng shock" would convalesce, and then I would again, while the short stock seemed to be the healthiest thing on the list. By and by the skies cleared, and I seemed to be on the homestretch. In the crucible of Wall street speculation I had lost all appetite for gains, and my ruling passion was to get even. The long stock braced up, the short stock weakened, and if these happy conditions could be charmed into continuance I would be content.

EVEN AT LAST.

The odds were against me. Nothing lasts in Wall street like misfortune. A happy thought struck me. It was to change my steeds and mount afresh. Overboard went the long stock at 20—overboard went the short at 105. I mounted Erie and U. P., and on Nov. 14, 1880, I dashed under the wire. I was exactly even. Instantly I closed my account, and, with a certified check for my margin and my statement of account in hand, I called together the kind friends whose well-meant advice I had rejected when it involved ruin and addressed them as follows:

"FELLOW SPECULATORS: I am about to say farewell to this street forever. You have been my constant companions for six months. I give my success to going against your judgment. For your uniform consideration in advising me against my best interest, I thank you from the bottom of my heart. I shall always endeavor to act against your advice, and as I defect by your glances your disapproval of my determination to cease pulling that tape, I wish to inform you that hereafter you will miss me from my usual haunts. If you will become my guests for a few moments we will drink to the weary visionaries who continue to dip in the golden sea." [Applause.]

CROWNED KING.

The old-time speculator, whose feats of twenty years ago filled the newspapers, said that no man had got rid of the fascination of Wall street speculation, and that for one he believed no man ever would. With a gleam of humor in his eye, he took my statement of account and folded it into a crown. Then he pinned the certified check upon it, so that it looked like a white plume, and placing the paper crown on my brow, he said: "I crown thee King of Wall street."

Just then the broker came out with his hand full of slips containing memoranda of sales and purchases. "What's the fun?" he asked.

"Here is a man who is even," said the old-time speculator, "and we have crowned him King of Wall street."

Four years have passed and soverignty reigns in my business. The other day I went down to look at, my hunting ground in the last presidential campaign where I wore a certified check as the white plume of victory. I could scarcely believe my ears.

The stocks which will always seem dear to me, because they made me even with the game, were down, one forty points and the other nearly 100 points. They told me that there had been a shrinkage on the entire list of over \$1,400,000,000.

IT WAS "AFFREET."

[Tribes of the Sudan.]

A few years ago an enterprising Englishman, after great trouble and considerable expense, built a flour mill at Kassala, with which he was able to grind durra for about one-eighth the price the natives are accustomed to pay for it. However, popular superstition was too much for him; they refused to have their durra ground in his mill, as they said it was "afreet," or pertaining to the devil. So, after struggling on for some time, he was obliged to give it up, and the deserted mill now remains as a memorial to the ignorance of the inhabitants.

The Judge: The briny deep—A flooded salt mine. Frightful crash—A printing office towel. A "brave" deed—Making the squaw do all the work. A still night—When the moonshiners work.

WHILE WE MAY.

[Independent.]

The hands are such dear hands; They are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out, With trillies scarcely thought about, So many times they do, So many things for me, for you— If their fond wills mistake, We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips That speak to us. Pray, if love strips Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes We may pass by; for we may see Days not far off when those small words may be Field not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear, Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take

Upon our breast, or bruise some rood, Or crush poor Hope until it bleed, We may be sure, We may be sure, Not turning quickly to impute Grave fault; for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way, We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find, We see them; for not blind, Is Love. We see them; but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by-and-by, They will not be Faults then—grave faults—to you and me, But just odds ways—mistakes, or even less—Remembrances to bless. Days change so many things—yes, hours, We see so differently in suns and showers. Mistaken words to-night May be so cherished by to-morrow's light. We may be patient, for we know There's such a little way to go.

THE STORY OF "OLD FORTY."

The Peculiarities of an Old Captain—Odd Incidents.

[Boston Globe.]

His name was Capt. Ralph Devereux, but everybody called him "Old Forty." The reason for this was that he was always using this numeral in describing any event that occurred. It was called "forty" and as hot as "forty," there were "forty" boys came out of the school-house and fired snowballs at his old horse, the wind-blown like "forty," his cowhide boots pinched like "forty," and he had "forty" pains in his old rheumatic back when he got up in the morning. Nobody around Prospect called him anything else, and at last all his animals, from a stub-tailed yellow dog to his ugly old horse with a watch eye received the same title. One day a few young lads hired this horse to go to an evening party. The sum charged was \$2, and the boys went around to the country stores and bought up all the old-fashioned coppers they could find. They succeeded in getting 300 at last and sewed them up in bag of forty each and gave them to the old man in payment. He took the money, but said he would let his horse again for "forty" years. His friends tried to break him of his habit and resorted to all sorts of devices, but they had no effect. One night he attended the distribution of presents from a Christmas tree. The only token he received was an illustrated copy of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves."

"I don't see what they wanted to give me that for," mused he; "I've got as many as forty books at home now."

He went to town meeting one rainy day and caught a cold which terminated in pneumonia. For several days he lay delirious, tossing and moaning and calling for water all the time. When his right lung had filled up solid, and but a small space was left in the other one, his fever abated a little and he recognized those around the bed. "Here, father, take this medicine," said his daughter, "the doctor has ordered it and I know it will do you good."

Throwing his hand out on the bed with an impatient gesture, he looked up and said: "Go away, child, and don't bother me. Forty doctors couldn't help me now."

He died that night and forty carriages followed him to the grave.

Running Over a Little Girl.

[Chicago Herald.]

"Did you ever run over anybody?" asked a young man who was smoking a cigarette of the driver of a North Clark street car.

The driver turned round, looked at the youth a minute, hitched up his trousers, and replied:

"Yes, I run'd over a girl once. I was just coming over the bridge, and the street was pretty thick with teams. I had a big load on, and I was a-holding the brake tight coming down the grade. Pretty soon the policeman on the corner gave me a clear track, and I loosed the brake and let 'er slide. Just as she got to going a little girl with a big bag on her back, one of these rag-pickers, jumped out from behind a loaded truck just in time to get struck by my horses. It was all done in a second. I couldn't stop 'er any way, and if I could I was that scared that I didn't have the strength. I felt the car rise up twice as the two wheels on one side went over her, and it made me faint, I can tell you, 'cause I've got a little girl like she was myself. The officer stopped the car by grabbing the horses and everybody in the car began to holler. I never dared look back at that awful sight but just turning to another officer that came running up I says: 'Take me right in. I don't want to stay here.' What 'or' says he. 'For killing the girl,' says I. 'Look at her,' says he. I turned around slow, and there she was—picking up her bag of paper and rags. She wasn't hurt a bit. The wheels struck the bag, and she slid through under the trucks somehow—because she was so thin, I guess. That's the only time I ever run'd over any one."

The Bostonian.

[Cor. Philadelphia Times.]

The very tone of a Bostonian's voice has a gentle, dog-eared curve, so to speak, that suggests frequent handling, a mellow turning of tones, a readiness to go on or turn back until the question is made quite clear to us. There is a detailed touch in the voice that answers and questions us, that seems to fold about its words in a kind of patient, loving naturalness and to close about the spirit of the listener in a subtle encouragement to the ideal value he has somewhere placed upon himself. The Bostonian listens as well as he talks. His interrogation is perfectly sincere. He means you should bring your facts and theories to the front. If he sounds the "personal note" in himself he rings your own out with quite as beneficent impartiality.

An Important Department.

[Carl Pretzel's Weekly.]

"Well, my son," said a dignified old gentleman to a young man, "I understand you are a journalist now. In what department, may I ask?"

"In the literature department."

"Ah, that is good. I suppose," continued the old gentleman, "that you select the literature matter from the different exchanges."

The Bismarck Tribune.

BY M. H. JEWELL.

THE DAILY TRIBUNE.

Published every morning, except Monday, at Bismarck, Dakota, is delivered by carrier to all parts of the city at twenty-five cents per week, or \$1 per month.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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One year, postage paid, \$4.00

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

Eight pages, containing a summary of the news of the week, both foreign and local, published every Friday, sent, postage paid, to any address for \$2.00; six months, \$1.25.

The WEEKLY TRIBUNE has a large and rapidly increasing circulation throughout the country, and is a desirable sheet through which to reach the farmers and residents of the small towns remote from railroad lines.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The DAILY TRIBUNE circulates in every town within one hundred miles of Bismarck reached by a daily mail, and is by far the best advertising medium in this part of the Northwest.

The general eastern agent of the TRIBUNE is J. C. Richardson, with headquarters at Room 66, Tribune Building, New York.

Friends of the Tribune visiting Fargo will find this paper on file at the office of C. J. Eddy, general freight and passenger agent, Fargo & Northern Railway, Continental hotel.

For President—
JAMES G. BLAINE, OF MAINE.

For Vice-President—
JOHN A. LOGAN, OF ILLINOIS.

REPUBLICAN LEGISLATIVE CONVENTION.

A republican convention of the ninth legislative district, comprising the counties of Barnes, Stutsman, Griggs, Foster, Wells, Kidder, Burleigh, McLean, Sheridan, Stevens, Benson, Mountrail, Waudette, Howard, Williams, Mercer, Morton, Stark, Billings, Emmons, Logan, Benson, DeSmet, Rosebud, Bottineau and McHenry, will be held at Bismarck, the capital of Dakota, on Wednesday, the 15th of October, 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., to nominate two members of the council and four members of the assembly to represent this district in the next legislature.

The republican central committee has made the following appointments: Barnes, Burleigh, Billings, 2, Stutsman, 7, McLean, 2, Emmons, 2, Griggs, 1, Mercer, 2, Logan, 2, Foster, 2, Morton, 2, Kidder, 3, Stark, 2, Rosebud, 2. In addition, the committee, on motion, declared that any unorganized county in the district which shall hereafter, and prior to October, 12, next, regularly organize by the appointment and qualification of commissioners, shall be entitled to send two delegates to the convention.

The committee recommend that county conventions for the election of delegates be held not later than October 1, 1884, that they be advertised at least ten days, and that the caucuses in the precincts be kept open at least three hours.

J. F. WALLACE, B. S. RUSSELL,
Chairman, Secretary.
CHAS. H. STANLEY, BYRON ANDREWS,
Republican central committee for ninth legislative district.

J. F. WALLACE, Chairman.
DR. F. I. VAN DEUSEN, Sec.

REPUBLICAN COUNTY CONVENTION.

The republicans of Burleigh county will meet in convention at the City Hall, in Bismarck, on the 26th day of September, 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of electing seven delegates to represent the county of Burleigh in the Republican Legislative convention for the Ninth legislative district, called to meet at the city of Bismarck on the 15th day of October, 1884, at 2 o'clock p. m., to nominate two candidates for the territorial council and four candidates for the house of representatives.

By order of the Republican County Central Committee.
JOHN A. MCLEAN,
Chairman.

BISMARCK, Sept. 1, 1884.

It is seldom that a Dakota politician is astonished. The republicans of Dakota are of the stalwart, robust order and can meet a cyclone of opposition with a simple smile and a haughty wave of the hand. In the midst of battle the true Dakotan seizes a tomahawk and proceeds to take scalps as long as an enemy remains in the field. They look with pride and envy upon their brethren in the states who have the right to help elect a president, and never have had occasion to blush for them but once. With the republicans of the Fourth Minnesota congressional district, the republicans of Dakota, however, have nothing in common. Their O. K. cowboy brand of republicanism cannot be herded with the dandish milk-and-water weak-knee republicanism of the supporters of Gilfillan. The blood must be very thin in the veins of the Gilfillan supporters. Such sap does not course through territorial veins. Dakotians believe in fair nominations and no candidate is so worthy as to dare expect an endorsement that he does not deserve.

"The upper Missouri slope, consisting of ten counties in North Dakota, went into caucus this afternoon."—Extract from Tribune Telegraphic Rep.

Although the end sought to be attained may possibly have justified the means, the TRIBUNE regrets that such a precedent has been established in Dakota politics. As events have shaped themselves, until division and admission is secured, it will doubtless be necessary on minor political questions for North and South Dakota to hold separate consultations, although working to secure the same common end. It seems impossible, however, that any combination of circumstances could have justified the doubtful expedient of holding a distinct sectional caucus. The Red river valley, the James river valley, the Goose river valley, and the Hay creek and the Skunk conlee constituents have the same right to caucus by themselves and demand that their wishes shall be accepted as the law of the convention. If the Missouri river slope wants to have a confidential talk let it retire to Alex. McKenzie's room and order up beer, but let it not set the bad example of labeling the confab "a Missouri river caucus." There should be but two caucuses representing geographical sections. Let the caucus line be drawn at the 46th parallel.

There are 13,000 street car drivers in the state of New York and every one of them, in common with other laboring men, will vote against Grover Cleveland

because of his vetoes of numerous bills calculated to promote their welfare. What a comment on civilization and the humanity of the head of the democratic ticket is the following letter from a street car driver which appears in the New York Sun:

When Governor Cleveland is sleeping in the morning I am at work. While he is attending to his duties during the day I am at work. When he goes to a place of amusement in the evening I am at work, and when he retires to rest at night I am still working. I have a little girl five months old, and during my working days I have never seen her dark blue eyes, and never held her in my arms awake but twice, and yet this is a Christian land. Governor Cleveland's veto has condemned us to a life in which there is no hope, no joy, and no chance for improvement.

MISS MORISINT, a millionaire's of New York, has married her father's coachman, and for this has been arrested and imprisoned upon a technical charge of theft. The girl has been subjected to every possible test of her devotion to her husband and has not wavered for a single moment. There is no charge made that the coachman has ever led an immoral life, was actuated by mercenary motives or has less than the average amount of intelligence and good sense. The only charge that society prefers against the couple is that the girl honestly loves the man of her choice, and that the man is a menial simply because he earns a living by driving the horses of a man who in turn earns a living by clipping coupons and acting as a body guard for Jay Gould. And yet society is horrified! Had the girl married a brazen dude and libertine with an inherited bank account, columns would have been devoted to an account of the auction sale, which for courtesy would have been termed a marriage. Young ladies old enough to read or think must soon understand that if they are fortunate enough to be well provided for financially, they commit not only an unpardonable offense but a terrible crime if they select a husband and decide their future happiness in accordance with the dictates of an honest love, rather than in accordance with the dictates of snobs, gossips and aristocratic nobodies. The mute and persistent appeals of the heart and conscience must not be allowed to stand in the way of the cold and seductive arguments of a bank account.

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE: The story of the Northern Pacific is the great epic of railroad building. It is more than a story of engineering, land grants, bonds, mortgages, grading, tunneling, bridging and track laying. It is a narrative of vast conceptions and of colossal plans; of dazzling successes and crushing failures; of ruined fortunes, deferred hopes and cruel disappointments, and finally of brilliant success.

GOVERNOR PIERCE has been requested to write an article for the Chicago Current upon "The American Type," and has accepted the offer and will receive a very liberal compensation for his literary services. The request of the Current editors and the money tendered for the article is a greater honor and a finer tribute to Governor Pierce's ability than the governor's commission from President Arthur and the attendant salary and honor.

ANENT the opening of the oyster season, it is said that in New York city alone \$15,000,000 is invested in the wholesale oyster business, and more than 16,000 men are employed during the season. About 40,000 bushels are consumed daily in the city and 15,000 bushels are sent to the west. About \$75,000,000 is invested in oyster culture in the United States.

Why can't Bismarck follow the example of Jamestown and have a public park? Mr. McGinnis and others of that city have donated fifty-seven acres and put \$4,000 worth of improvements on the land. The city will care for it as a park and already have a landscape artist from Chicago laying out the grounds.

BETS of a hundred dollars to twenty-five that Cleveland will not be elected president, are being freely offered in Milwaukee, with no takers. Bets of \$100 to 100 cents are being offered in Bismarck that John B. Raymond will not be the next Dakota delegate to congress.

THE name of Johnson Nickens is the only one that is in itself a tower of strength that has yet been mentioned as being among the Raymond supporters. Haggart remains at Fargo. The remainder of the good convention workers are anti-Raymond.

THE dispatches state that a quantity of giant powder is stored beneath the hall in which the convention at Pierre is held. This is a pointer for McKenzie in case his combinations do not work. Who has a match?

AND now it is assured that Hon. Jud LaMoure will be a member of the next territorial legislature. In that event it will hardly be safe to stand the raise on less than three of a kind backed up by a pair of aces.

THE railroads of the United States owe \$1,495,471,311, or nearly three times the amount of the public debt at the close of the war. No one has yet dared state the amount owed by the newspaper editors of the country.

Bismarck Tribune.
INFLUENCE OF THE WESTERN
UPON THE EASTERN SLOPE.

EDITOR TRIBUNE: Having visited Portland, Astoria, Tacoma, Seattle and intervening cities, towns and stopping places along the great Northern Pacific railroad and having given you cursory descriptions of some of the most striking features of them and the intervening country through which I passed, I now beg your indulgence while I relate some additional observations while there and on my return together with the thoughts deductions and conclusions forced upon me by my new surroundings.

The first thing of importance I noticed was in the line of ample proof of what has long been conceded by physical geographers and philosophers. That in this latitude the great atmospheric ocean passed from west to east as a counter current to the great equatorial aerial current passing from the east to the west all round the globe in order to keep up the aerial equilibrium, and that to this fact and its wonderful influences, we of the great golden Northwest are indebted, either directly or indirectly for our fine, healthful climate, the wonderful productivity of our lands, the general prosperity of our people and the coming aggrandizement of a land which but a few years ago was characterized as the most arid and worthless portion of the Great American Desert.

This atmospheric ocean causing the great oceanic currents and traveling with them and passing over the heated waters originally of the equatorial regions where they obtained their heat, partakes of the oceanic and climatic heat and becomes saturated with the vapor their high temperature enables them to hold, so that, when they strike the coast at Puget Sound they are completely saturated with the greatest amount of water in a state of vapor the air of its required temperature is capable of holding.

Along with this aerial or wind force, thus saturated with vapor, comes simultaneously the great oceanic current of heated water forcing itself, aided by the high and ever recurring tides, against the shore and extending its abrading and wearing influences far into the lowlands and mountain gorges of the western coast, until they with the mountain streams fed by the condensed vapor carried to and condensed on the cool mountain sides and running down in torrents, have worn away the land, dissipated all the rocky barriers and left the most remarkable and valuable sound on our continent. This sound seems all over with evidences of its origin as well as of its great value to the world as a contribution to local agriculture and to the world's commerce. Every observation of this sound and every isolated portion of it evinces the truth of its origin as I have stated it. The trees in the whole region about the sound, indicate by the growth of their branches on the main stalk, that the wind is mainly and strongly from the west to the east. The great depth of the tide in the sound demonstrates the force of the waters. The great amount of oceanic product driven into this immense and far spreading sound, with its broad arms radiating in all directions, resembling the legs of its giant starfish, extending far into the continent and furnishing numerous safe and convenient harbors for the accommodation of commerce and affording beautiful and desirable locations for future great commercial cities. This product consists of all kinds of edible fish found in the great body of the Pacific and all other marine products excepting whales and they have occasionally been driven into this sea-like sound. All demonstrating the wonderful struggle of the wind and the waters to force themselves eastward. After the rugged, rocky shores of the sound and its numerous bays and harbors have checked its mighty waters in their natural course, their accompanying winds, finding but slight barriers and little obstruction either in the rocky shores or the denuded coast and cascade ranges of mountains farther eastward and beyond, pass onward over all barriers scattering their warmth and moisture over all the land eastward, destroying all glaciers peculiar to the elevated portions of this latitude and rendering most of the country in its broadest course and particularly Dakota, Minnesota and Iowa, the most fertile productive and pleasantly inhabitable portions of the earth to say nothing of Washington, Idaho and Montana territories with much of our neighboring territory north of our boundary which contains much agricultural capability and the finest grazing region in the whole world. There are many enigmas in regard to this whole country which require explanation in order to be well understood. The first one is: How is it that this great sea of warm and moist atmosphere carries its burden of heat and moisture over the broad, elevated and sub-arid plains of East Washington territory and Idaho and scales the great range of the Rockies without precipitating its water on the west side of the watershed and dissipating its heat long before reaching the plains on the east slope of the mountains? This is the great stumbling block, to the ordinary understanding.

Most men conclude that all the vapor in the atmosphere must be condensed and precipitated as it ascends the gradual slope from the coast to the Rocky Mountains. This would be true if circumstances did not alter cases. The face of the country in Washington and Idaho

territories is peculiar. The whole country from the coast across the cascade range is much about the same altitude with the two general ranges of mountains some elevated above the general level. In the winter, when the whole country is at its coldest, when the temperature between the ocean and Cascade range is just cold enough to condense and precipitate most of the vapor contained in the completely saturated atmosphere, the rainy season sets in here and in Oregon, similarly situated, and leaves comparatively little of the vapor to be precipitated on the prairie regions between the Cascades and Rockies or still further on eastward; but when the spring and summer comes on the cold in this timbered and elevated region ceases and stops the precipitation. The vapor passes on and as the air containing it passes over the broad, naked plains of eastern Washington and Idaho with all their peculiar adaptation to the absorption of heat which it imparts to the atmosphere and thereby increases its power of holding vapor so that the additional elevation is counterbalanced by the increased heat and the precipitation does not take place, but the vapor is elevated with the air and carried over the mountains, which in this latitude are very low as compared with ranges further south, while the extent of the entire range is altogether inconsiderable. Thus the air on its great east bound circuit passes over the great watershed dividing the Pacific from the Atlantic without leaving much of its wet saturated vapor. After its descent to the plains below its density and temperature are immensely increased, and with it, its ability for the absorption and holding additional moisture in the state of vapor, is increased. The supply for this increased adaptation is furnished by the various mountain streams, lakes, and rivers which permeate the country between the mountains and Dakota.

This exuberance of vapor, when arriving in Dakota or further north in Manitoba, comes in contact and commingles with the cold under currents from Hudson's bay or other boreal regions and precipitates the vapor in the shape of copious and general rainfalls for the growth of our marvelous agricultural productions.

But how do we obtain our heat or genial warmth, which we have been pleased to call Chinook winds? I will tell you; but you must have a little patience. You must let me say, the air is composed of infinitesimally small globular particles of matter, composed of a combination of oxygen and nitrogen gasses in unequal quantities. As it ordinarily exists there are many foreign substances, as water vapor, carbonic acid, dust, animalcules and various other deleterious substances mixed with it. Still the particles of pure air, as a general thing, are predominant. These particles are matter having dimension, weight and temperature, as much as the rocks in the hills. These particles of air, in passing over the heated water of the Japan currents in the Pacific ocean, become heated to a degree equal to that of the water over which they pass. They are subject to the same laws of radiation of heat or of cooling as other particles of matter, with this important exception, that these particles are all of the same electric or magnetic status, never attracting, ever resisting, and never touching each other, so that the process of cooling by the simple process of radiation from each particle, resisted by that of every other particle, renders the process a very slow one, and the great ocean composed of these particles may be forced over thousands of miles with but very little diminution in temperature. The particles of air differ from those of water in another particular. The latter attract each other while the former resist each other. A thimbleful of water will never occupy, while in a state of water, but a very little more space than that occupied by the thimble. But a thimbleful of air will expand and distribute itself so as to occupy any space not otherwise so occupied, from the size of a thimble to the largest cathedral. But the sensitive effect of these particles, so far as temperature is concerned, and so far as its effects on the bulb of a thermometer is concerned, depends entirely on the number of the particles which are brought into contact with a definite portion of a surface traversed with sensitive organs or with the surface of the mercury in the bulb of the thermometer. In other words the density of the particles of the atmosphere regulates the general temperature much more than the isolated temperature of each particle. Thus a thousand particles of a given temperature brought into contact with a square inch of nervous distribution or the bulb of an ordinary thermometer would produce ten times the effect that would be produced if the air was so rarified as to bring only one hundred particles in contact with them.

Now one of the principle methods of compressing the air is by its own weight and superincumbent pressure. Thus on the highest mountains the air is very light; while at the sea level it amounts to about fifteen pounds to the square inch.

While heat rarifies the lowest and densest atmosphere and causes it to rise to greater altitudes, it still becomes proportionately rarified and colder, although the individual particles are but little changed by the slow process of radiation. Thus while the particles of

air at the surface and those three miles above are about the same individual temperature, still the difference in density makes the surface very warm, marked by 80 degrees Fahrenheit, while three miles above it it would be below freezing.

Now, as this heated air comes from the ocean and ascends the mountains it becomes gradually more rarified as it loses the superincumbent weight that presses it together and in that proportion becomes colder; for cold is but the negative of heat. Heat is positive and cold is the absence of heat and negative. Thus the whole atmospheric ocean passes over the mountains in their rarified rapid cold sheet which frequently covers their tops with snow and dense cloud or vapor without any perceptible change in the individual temperature of the aeried particle; for immediately after the air has passed over the summit, the cloud and condensed vapor disappears and upon arriving at a low elevation on the other side of the mountain, a temperature is attained very similar to that from which it proceeded on the other side at a similar elevation. So that the mountain gulches and river valleys in Montana are very nearly as warm as the valleys of similar elevation beyond the mountains over which the air has passed.

This is the origin of the chinook winds and the lower the land the warmer they get. This accounts for much of the modification of Dakota's genial and productive climate. It is even lower than the warm gulches in Montana and would be much warmer if it were not farther away from the source of the heat, leaving a reduction of temperature by the radiation of greater time in its transit, in Dakota, Minnesota and Manitoba, where but little obstruction to the cold undercurrents from Hudson Bay and other frozen regions exist and where these undercurrents are almost constantly circulating and commingling with the heated and saturated currents from the Pacific, and thus reducing their temperature and precipitating their copious vapor in well distributed rainfall. Hence, the secret of our superiority as an agricultural and grazing country.

NEWS COMMENTS.

BEN BUTLER is the belly-ache to the body politic.—What hall Times.

BUTLER'S Washington house rents for \$24,000 per annum, Blaine's for \$13,000.

It appears to be the field against Raymond, with the field decidedly in the lead.

THE crop in Dakota, as elsewhere, depends more upon the farmer than the farm.

DR. BENTLEY is developing more strength than his friends considered probable.

CLEVELAND'S record is seven years old and his name is Oscar Folsom Halpin Cleveland.

THERE is one presidential candidate that can claim to be a saint. It is not Butler. It is St. John.

JUDGE SHANNON is writing a history of Dakota. The ability and old citizenship of the writer is a guaranty that the work will be a valuable one.

WHAT is a dime? asks an exchange. Whenever you see a fifty cent piece with a five dollar bit out, grab it. You have a dunder.—Las Vegas Optic.

THE Denver Journal says that the American banking system is an excellent one—for itself. It makes money scarce when and where it ought to be plenty.

THE oft used quotation: "See Naples and die," has just now a terrible significance. There were 800 new cholera cases and 300 deaths there one day last week.

If Belva Lockwood is elected president it is authoritatively reported that George William Curtis and Carl Schurz will be appointed to important cabinet positions.

WHEN it is remembered that the wind was from the south yesterday, and that the delegates are assembled at Pierre, its warm and sulphurous breath is easily accounted for.

POTTER COUNTY POLITICS: The Potter County Republican plunges into the puddle of Potter county politics with a horrible splash and lands plump upon the dung pile of prevarication.

We haven't heard anything recently of that novel Oscar Wilde was going to write. Perhaps Oscar has discovered that after marriage it is a good deal easier to say what you are going to do than to do it.—Lowell Citizen.

"How big is Grover Cleveland, pa, That people call him great? Is he as big as Jimmy Blaine— The winning candidate?"

"Oh, yes, my son, he weighs a ton, But it is mostly fat; He wears a number thirt'-en shoe, A little Tom Thumb hat."—Washington Hatchet.

An eastern editor writes in flowery language the following: Somnolent lies in its briny bath, and in dreamy idleness the wad of chewing gum lies on the window sill. Athwart the glinting sunbeams in their lonely search the shiv-

ered corset steel intrudes its sinuous length, while in far off the dolly dells of the bosky woodland coo the curl paper fluttering in sad-eyed idleness, for the bangs it never more will clasp. A broken garter here, an undarned stocking there, a few bent and scattered hair-pins—they are little things, but oh! how mutely, yet how pathetically they tell the heart that the sweet girl graduate has fled to Dakota and is now engaged in catching beaux and freckles.

DENNY HANFORD did not send the following despatch to John A. Stoyell yesterday: "Stand by McMahers and the barrel and use the Freeport directory if necessary. Wake up Jud LaMoure when ready to sign the checks. Moody is talking too much and should be choked off. Nommate McMahers and I will put Roosevelt up against him. Don't support a dark horse or a dung-hill."

A SYNDICATE of Dakota and Montana cattle men has been organized on business principles for the express purpose of laying wagers on the presidential election. The pool which it represents is good for \$500,000, which is to be wagered, if possible, on the election of Blaine. The proposition is as follows: Any amount of money within the limit that Blaine will carry New York, and that Blaine will be elected president—both propositions to be accepted or no bet.

Little Nell—"We had lovely times at the seashore this summer. Where did you go?"

Little Jack—"We stayed in the city." Little Nell—"Did you? How awful it is to be poor. We used to stay in the city, but we go to the seashore every year now."

Little Jack—"Well, we're going next summer. My pa is going to fail, too."—Philadelphia Call.

"DEAR, dear, where have you been, girls?" said a Boston mother to her daughters who returned late from an entertainment.

"We've been carming the municipality," giggled the eldest.

"And observing the pachyderm," laughed the second.

"And vociferating the female to an extraordinary elevation," chimed the third.

"Dear! dear! dear!" exclaimed the mother in expostulatory tones.

"There's no harm done, mamma," pouted the fourth; "and the fowl whose cackling was the salvation of Rome is suspended at an altitude hitherto unknown in our experience."—

Explanatory chart. "Painting the town red." (Seeing the elephant.) "Whooping her up." "Everything lovely and the goose hangs high."—Somerville Gazette.

THE world is hard at work thinking. Never before has man thought with such sweating earnestness. Never before has he put aside all specious forms of difference as now. At the loom, the plow, the forge, the drill, the press, man thinks. Grim Carlyle bids the world tremble when God lets loose a thinker. Today there are millions of them. They are getting through all your forms of difference and coming at the gist of the matter. They are slowly discovering that the personality of the government matters little, the so-called protection of industries matters little, the manner of reading the constitution matters little, if all forms be practically against them. They are slowly discovering that you do not care for the herd.—Frank C. Hallack in "Questions for all parties" in Chicago Current.

Very Remarkable Recovery. Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Me., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved that she is now able to do her own work. Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at Peterson & Veeder's."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sore ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Peterson & Veeder.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, free of charge. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send self addressed envelope to Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, New York 5-79d&w



ROYAL
Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the adulterated of low test, short weight, slum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall Street, New York.

excellent Ophelia, and is an actress who would attract attention anywhere. Mr. Lloyd, who took the part of Laertes, is noticeably good. The whole play was produced excellently."

The genial companionship of Col. Orlando H. Moore is always welcome, and his thousands of friends appreciate a greeting, hand shake or visit from him as much as would an arctic explorer a warm ray of sunlight accompanied by zephyr from the tropics. Never was Colonel Moore more welcome in Bismarck than yesterday, upon his return from Leavenworth, Kan., where he received a reward in the form of an honorable retirement from the army. This will enable the colonel to spend the balance of his life in receiving some of the honors that he has so justly earned, and in cheering his friends by prolonged and welcome visits. No officer has ever been stationed at or near Bismarck that can number so many acquaintances among his friends. At Leavenworth Colonel Moore was before the retiring board, of which Brigadier General Anger is president, and was recommended to be placed on the retired list for disability—his disability consisting in the permanent effects of a sunstroke incurred some years ago, which incapacitates him for field service. Colonel Moore is one of the veterans of the regular army, having been first commissioned in 1856, and has since served continuously, and nearly all the time on the frontier. In 1857 he marched under General Sumner in a 1,700 mile pursuit of hostile Cheyennes, and participated in Sumner's battle of Cherry Creek fought where the city of Denver has since been built. In 1858 he marched with his regiment (the Sixth infantry) from Leavenworth across the plains and over the mountains, near 2,000 miles, to Benicia, Cal. In 1851, when Brig. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the department of the Pacific, Lieutenant Moore was a leading spirit in a successful movement for the defeat of a plot, which had for its object the separation of the Pacific slope from the union, and an incident of which plot was to have been the seizure of 60,000 stand of arms in the arsenal at Benicia, and suspected to have been sent there by Secretary Floyd, that they might be captured, or at least that they would be beyond the reach of defenders of the union. During the rebellion Colonel Moore served as lieutenant colonel of the Thirteenth Michigan and colonel of the Twenty-fifth regiment of the same state. At the battle of Shiloh he was on General Garfield's staff. An incident of his service, when he had an independent command, was his successful defense, with 300 men, at Tebb's bend on Green river, twelve miles north of Columbia, Ky., against Gen. John Morgan with 4,000 men, including artillery. The fight occurred on the 4th of July, 1863, and such was the stubborn defense made by Moore and his command, at one time hand to hand, that Morgan, who began the day by demanding immediate and unconditional surrender, was glad to "draw off, after having lost more men than Moore had in his command. This spirited defense undoubtedly saved Louisville and the country about it from imminent danger, for Morgan thought Moore's command larger than it was and dare not leave it behind him. After this fight Colonel Moore was a brigade commander until the close of the war. After the war of the rebellion Colonel Moore returned to his position as captain of the Sixth infantry, was promoted major in 1874 and lieutenant colonel in 1882. With the Sixth and Seventeenth infantry he has served about twelve years in the department of Dakota, and is well known throughout the northwest. The recommendation for his retirement will shortly be followed by the order of the war department placing him upon the retired list, and then Colonel Moore will proceed to enjoy old age and disability as only a man of gentle tastes and training can enjoy life after twenty eight years of unbroken application to regular duties.

Dakota Game.

An eastern "sportsman who has been spending several weeks in hunting on the Dakota prairie, made to a TRIBUNE reporter the following interesting statement yesterday: "If I were to take my choice between a country that would produce fruit and one that would produce prairie chickens, I would take the chicken country every time. I don't shoot chickens for the sport only, although that is the prime fancy. But I put down from 100 to 150 chickens every fall for the winter. How long will they keep? Ten years. I take my birds to some refrigerator friends of mine, who wrap them in paper, twist under the heels, and then freeze them with out drawing. There they lie in the ice until I want them. The expense is simply four cents a bird for freezing, and a cent a month on each bird for storage. When you want prairie chickens in January all that is necessary is to set a basket of frozen birds out in the sun and in a few hours they are ready to prepare for cooking, and you find them exactly the condition they were when shot. There is no trouble about it at all. You bring your bag to the refrigerator people and when you want chickens go and get them. I shall shoot 500 ducks in the next three weeks, and I intend to put down 250 for the winter's use."

A Duluth Criticism.

The Duluth Tribune says of the presentation of Hamlet in that city by the Milin Dramatic company: "The greatest of all Shakespeare's great works is the play of Hamlet. It is an intellectual study of the highest order, and in his life of the Prince of Denmark the poet gives the thoughtful man what whole text books on psychology could not give him. The proof of Shakespeare's transcendent genius appears best in Hamlet. Hamlet is the most interesting character of fiction. Student after student has devoted his life to the play and book after book has been written on it. Only the man of genius can interpret Hamlet. No one but the gifted in dramatic and psychological studies can act the "melancholy Dane." The only evidence needed to stamp Milin as a tragedian of no ordinary character is the success with which he produces this character. In appearance, voice, action, in everything, he seems adapted for the part. In all the various phases of Hamlet's passionate life, in his outbursts of grief over his mother's marriage with Claudius, and his father's death, in his interview with his father's ghost, the soliloquy, the parting with Ophelia, the charge to the players, the upbraiding of his mother, at the grave of Ophelia, and in all the other strong scenes, he portrays Hamlet as he is interpreted by scholars. The acting is as good, the speech so excellent, that Milin must be pronounced great. The tragedian who can act Hamlet as he does, is among the greatest on the stage. Milin's support was excellent except in one or two cases. Miss Payne made

The New York Herald, speaking of the arrival of Sitting Bull and party in that city, says:

The party went to the Grand Central hotel on their arrival in this city. Sitting Bull and his friends were immediately given a bath. Then they were told it was dinner time, and squatted about the velvet carpet in the corridor. As the party started for the dining room Colonel Allen came up and shouted to Louis Primeau, the interpreter:

"Tell the gentlemen to wait a moment; the ladies are having a bath."

Sitting Bull told the reporter that he did not like the railways, but he would like to have a hotel on his reservation. He declined to discuss the merits of Blaine or Butler, on the ground that he could not talk intelligently till he had had several beefsteaks. Soon Mrs. McLaughlin, Mrs. Bull and the others appeared, and the company adjourned to a private dining room. Long Dog spread his napkin on his chair and sat on it. After eating a plate of ice cream, Sitting Bull said:

"Bonka boofa tookash lata uce-nee Joorobolala."

Which means:

"This is a daisy of a dish; gimme another plate. Allow the Irishman to serve me."

A Resignation.

The resignation of John A. McLean from the presidency of the Merchants National bank, tendered some time since, was regretfully accepted at a special meeting of the board of directors held yesterday. Mr. McLean stated as his reasons for resigning that his private business affairs so occupied his time and attention that it was impossible to give the affairs of the bank due consideration. After accepting Mr. McLean's resignation, the directors unanimously elected Vice President J. A. Mallanney to the vacant position. Mr. Mallanney is a thorough gentleman and a conservative financier, and has the leisure and business qualifications to acceptably fill the honorable position to which he has been elected and for which he is receiving numerous congratulations.

McLean County Court House.

A few days since Judge Francis, upon the petition of several taxpayers of McLean county, granted a temporary injunction restraining the county commissioners from expending any part of the taxes collected or levied for the erection of a court house at Washburn, the county seat. Yesterday, in chambers, he listened to very able arguments for and against a motion to make the injunction permanent. Messrs. Fiannery and Carland argued for the county commissioners and Messrs. Holmbeak & Wright for the taxpayers. Briefs and authorities were submitted and a decision will probably not be rendered for several days. Work had already commenced upon the court house at Washburn and it is said to be nearly two-thirds finished.

A Private's Kick.

FORT YATES, D. T., (Sept. 14, 1884.

EDITOR THURSDAY.—The latest absurdity is an order just issued from post headquarters to the effect that "daily dress parade will be resumed and daily duty men will habitually attend the same." For the information of your readers I will explain what a daily duty man is. It is a man who enlisted to soldier for the United States and who only discovered the mistake he had made when he arrived at Fort Yates and was marched out at 7:30 a. m. with a pick on one's shoulder and a shovel on the other, and was put to work on a ditch from six to ten feet deep with a paid overseer continually at his back to goad him and threaten him if he pauses but a moment in his work to take breath.

Wearry, sweating and begrimed with dust and clay, this man leaves the ditch at 5 p. m. and he has an hour and a half to eat his hard earned but very frugal supper, to groom his horse and to prepare for dress parade. Then he is supposed to turn out clean, with arms and accoutrements bright and burnished as if he had nought to do the day through but to clean and polish them. Perhaps when this daily duty man steps out to the martial strains of "Marching Through Georgia," after he has been plodding through the ditch since early morning, perhaps, I say, he labors under the momentary delusion that he is a soldier.

A PRIVATE.

"D" Troop, Seventy Cavalry.

An Appointment.

Yesterday Governor Pierce appointed Rev. C. E. Austin, of this city, delegate for Dakota to the eleventh annual national conference of charities and correction, to be held at St. Louis, beginning Monday evening, October 13. The convention, among other work, will consider committee reports upon the following subjects: On reports from states; on charity organization in cities; on organization and management of reformatories and houses of refuge; on organization and management of prisons and penitentiaries; on police system and administration; on organization and management of poorhouses; on provision for the chronic insane; on provision for idiots; on child saving work.

Future of Dakota.

Governor Pierce in an interview during his recent absence, said of Dakota: "It is wonderful how rapidly young towns spring up and become thriving villages. I notice that in many places a large portion of the inhabitants of the country have their winter residences for winter and their cheaply built cottages on the farms for summer. In this way there is no reason why all the advantages of schools and churches and society in general, cannot be enjoyed in Dakota, especially in the winter season, as well as in the older states. And I think this one reason why villages grow so rapidly and become the centers of so much civilization in so short a time. There is no question in my mind but that in a very few years Dakota will become thickly settled, especially east of the Missouri, and will be one of the richest and best states in the Union."

Electric Lights.

Mr. Woolsey, representing the United States Electric Light company, is at present in the city making estimates upon the cost of lighting the new capital building by arc and incandescent electric lights. The United States light is one of the best, and the electric current can be transmitted almost any distance. It is proposed to use the engine of the Bismarck Eleva-

Did you ever attend a skating rink? If not, you should by all means go once. It is a cheap means of amusement that will enlarge your environment and give you a striking epitome of the fast going life of the age you are struggling to live in. I never miss one if I can help it. I am only 71 years old and a good dancer, and could run a good foot race if a big well armed Indian was after me, but I am too proud and disguised to put on roller skates. They are a modern improvement and entirely too fast for the age I was born and reared in. But when worn and skillfully used by others I have usually seen them, they are a source of great delight.

Only think of it. An immense room, with the finest hard maple floor in the world, ever smoother than the iron surface over which the most gigantic roller skated trains are used to run with from 100 to 500 human feet of all conceivable sizes, from that of the tiny athlete's little mias to the stalwart, broad and lengthened brogan bottom measured by the acre, all mounted on miniature locomotives of wonderful speed, of amazing treachery and delightful manipulation when propelled by the required steam and manipulated by a skillful engineer. Here they go, pell mell, singly, doubly and in clusters, round and round they go, mainly in the same direction, but no two rounds are characterized by similar clusters or combinations. All is a conglomerated variety with everything for individuality and speed. Get up and get or get out. Get along and go fast or you are left. These are the suggestive lessons taught at a skating rink. They are invaluable to the young and enjoyable by the old.

The New Stage Route.

The *Spearfish Register* gives this statement of the new stage route from Medora, on the Northern Pacific, to the Black Hills: "The first station out from Medora will be at Dead creek, 14 miles; then to Rocky ridge, 15 miles; this is in a southerly direction; then to Challinor, south 15 miles, keeping around the eastern base of the butte, and then to Cave Hills, 21 miles, keeping on the eastern side—to this place all the station buildings have been built and the hay put up as the parties came down. The next station will be at the EG ranch, on the north fork of Grand river, 17 miles; then, keeping west of Blum buttes, south of southwest of the Short Pine hills, 17 miles; thence to a station west of Two Tops, 18 miles; thence to Belles Fourche, 23 miles; next to Spearfish, 17 miles; and last to Deadwood, 16 miles, making the total distance from Medora to Deadwood, by the route traveled, about 161 miles."

Firemen's Tournament.

E. H. Connor, the Bismarck member of the territorial firemen's executive committee, is busily at work stirring the boys up to the proper pitch of enthusiasm to attend the first annual grand tournament of the North Dakota Firemen's association, to be held in Fargo, Dakota, October 2 and 3. Special rates have been made with the Northern Pacific, St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba and Fargo & Southern Railroads, one cent per mile each way and free transportation for apparatus for fire companies, bands and military companies in uniforms. Every town and city in North Dakota and northwestern Minnesota, are requested to take part in the tournament. Most of the prizes will be in cash, including prize for best drilled military company in uniforms.

Wedding and Hop in Emmons County.

There was recently a grand wedding at the residence of John McEllery, at Standing Rock. The bride, Miss Mary, youngest daughter of the host, was tied by the connubial bond to Winfield Vermilion, by the Rev. Father Henry, till death do them part. After the ceremony the parlors were thrown open for a hop, which lasted until the "wee wee" hours. What surprised the writer most was the number of pioneer young ladies present—all beautiful and well educated "Dakota girls"—each having a claim and raising No. 1 hard, much to the disgust, I presume, of their more cultured (?) sisters in the "effete east."

Dakota Exhibits.

The land department of the Northern Pacific road has arranged on exhibition in the main hall of the headquarters building in St. Paul, a considerable number of the samples of the product of the soil of Dakota and the country beyond. They are done up in very handsome shape in pink and blue ribbons. Other samples tastefully arranged would doubtless receive room and attention, and Barleigh county should be specially represented.

She Wants a Divorce and Alimony.

We clip from the Chicago Herald that Leila W. Brown has entered suit in the superior court for a divorce from her husband, Edward M. Brown, Jr., to whom she was married in 1877. The grounds on which she bases her suit are adultery and cruelty, and she wants alimony and support for her five year old child.

Court House Decision.

His honor, Judge Francis, rendered a decision in the Washburn county court house case yesterday, granting the permanent injunction prayed for by E. T. Winston.

Capital City Chips.

The steamer General Terry passed Fort Yates last evening at 5 o'clock.

There is a demand for 100 more laborers to work for the Northern Pacific railroad.

A telegraph line from Medora to Deadwood is the latest scheme of the Marquis de Mores.

The brick work on the new Lamborn Hotel is finished and plastering will be commenced at once.

John Little has finished threshing his wheat at his farm at Menoken. It averaged 36 bushels to the acre.

Last Tuesday the granary at Camp Poplar River belonging to the quartermaster department was destroyed by fire. A total loss.

The work of plastering the Griffin block is being pushed rapidly toward completion. The carpenters commenced finishing the first floor yesterday.

Ticket Agent Whittaker received orders yesterday to issue tickets to firemen attending the tournament at Fargo, commencing October 1, at one cent a mile each way.

Henry Whitman, delivery clerk at DeWitt's

Wm. Ives has purchased the stock of furniture in the store corner of Fifth and Main streets and will carry on the furniture business at that place.

While Sitting Bull is raking in the shobole by showing himself throughout the country, the Indians at Standing Rock have threatened all their oxen with a yield of 60 bushels to the acre.

Cincinnati has a woman who advertises to furnish farmers and ranchmen in the western states with good, industrious wives or housekeepers at one dollar a piece a head. Bismarck bachelors and bonanza farmers should take notice.

These, D. Kanouse, of Woonsocket, Sanborn county, and Charles M. Koehler, warden of the penitentiary at Sioux Falls, have been appointed by Governor Pierce as associates of Rev. Austin as delegates to the National Conference of Charities and Corrections. It is probable that the first two named will attend.

A very comical and interesting fighting affray took place last night on the corner of Main and Second streets between John Gerken, a Chief Fortunate warrior of the same and collared three of the fellows and took them up on the hill to sober up and figure out the amount Justice Hale will tax them this morning.

Governor Pierce was invited by the directors of the Lawrence county fair association to deliver the address on the opening of the fair, to which invitation the governor replied, saying that he wanted to visit the hills, but thought it impossible to do so in time for the fair, but he expressed the determination to do so at his earliest convenience.

A paragraph clipped from the Miles City Journal and published yesterday morning, was not intended to reflect upon the honesty or integrity of the present employees of the Northern Pacific road, as some have supposed. The present employees so far as known, are industrious and honest, and no criticism can rightfully be made against them.

A Mandan girl kissed a drummer so hard that it blew the gold ring out of two of her teeth and shattered his glass eye and stopped an eight day clock in the depot. She hadn't had very much experience either, but thinks she can hold her own with any Bismarck girl.

Bad Lands Cow Boy: A herd of buffalo, numbering between two or three hundred, made its appearance seven miles south of here one day last week. Lloyd Roberts and others who sighted the herd succeeded in killing three of them. It is undoubtedly true that the cowboys would have slaughtered more had they not run out of ammunition. Mr. Vandrieche purchased one of the heads, which is a very fine one, and shipped it to Mandan for mounting.

Personal.

C. D. Edick arrived here yesterday from an extended trip to Montana.

Er Governor Faulk, of Yankton, arrived in the metropolis last evening.

J. T. Odell, assistant general manager of the Northern Pacific railroad, passed east yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Coffin, parents of E. Coffin, left for their home at Richmond, Indiana, last evening.

S. H. Curtis, of Waverly, Iowa, is stopping in the city. Mr. Curtis is the owner and proprietor of the Motley mills of Minnesota.

W. E. Spencer, present journal clerk of the United States senate and the guest of Governor Pierce, left the last two days, left for the east last evening.

Mrs. Ateel, the daughter of Mrs. O. S. Mosher, of this city, left for her home in Chicago yesterday. She has been visiting her daughter for several weeks.

Messrs. H. Dudley, M. Parsons, A. Millard and George Dyer, of New York state, leave this morning for Heekin lake, McIntosh county, to locate upon claims.

D. S. Sauer and wife, of Chicago, relatives of E. A. Brunsman, of this city, arrived in Bismarck last Sunday and left for Mandan and Fort Lincoln yesterday. They will pass through the capital city this morning en route to their home near Duluth. Mr. Sauer is the manufacturer of the celebrated "Sauer" boot that is so well known in the northwest.

Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Circular Agency, 210 Fulton St., N. Y.

TEACHERS' EXAMINATION.

Those desiring Teachers' Certificates can have an opportunity of being examined at my office at No. 7, Central block, Bismarck, D. T., on Saturday, September 18, 1884. Examination to begin at 9 o'clock a. m.

16-17 W. H. WINCHESTER.
County Superintendent.

First Publication August 8, 1884.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, Bismarck, Dak., August 6, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at Bismarck on September 19, 1884, viz:

Benat Israel.

for the northwest quarter of section 8, township 143, range 81.

The following witnesses to prove his claim reside upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. A. Coffey, of Washburn, D. T.; Fred Merry, of Painted Woods, D. T.; John Wagoner, of Washburn, D. T.; John Yegen, Bismarck, D. T.

16-16 JOHN A. REED, Register.

First Publication Sept. 19, 1884.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE AT BISMARCK, D. T., September 6, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Bismarck, D. T., on October 27, 1884, viz:

John M. Avery.

for the southwest quarter of section 28, township 137, range 76.

The following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Richard H. Thistlewaite, Frank Bates, J. A. Bates and Wirt Avery, all of Bismarck, D. T.

16-21pd JOHN A. REED, Register.

First Publication September 19, 1884.

NOTICE—TIMBER CULTURE CONTEST.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, BISMARCK, DAKOTA, September 15, 1884.

Complete notice has been entered at this office by Anders O. Reed against Thomas Phillips for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry N. 5, 21, dat. d June 9, 1882, upon the southwest quarter of section 29, township 141, range 79, in Burlington county, Dakota territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that said Phillips has failed to break crops, or cause to be broken or cultivated at any time prior to this date, five acres or any portion of said tract of land; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 20th day of October, 1884, at 10 o'clock a. m. to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

16-20 O. F. DAVIS, Atty for Contestant.

PROPOSALS

FOR

CATS.

Sealed proposals will be received until October 1, 1884, for the delivery at Bismarck, Dakota, by October 15, 1884, of two hundred thousand (200,000) pounds of New Cats; also for the delivery at above place two hundred thousand (200,000) pounds of Old Cats.

Bids for the above are to be separate and distinct.

All bids should be addressed to the Medora Stage and Forwarding Company, Medora, D. T. The undersigned reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

16-20 T. P. K. A. B. & Co.,

The "Song of the Shirt" Still Chanted in London.

Wretched Lot of the Needle-Worker of the Great City—Movement to Better Their Condition.

[Fall Mall Gazette.]

* At 8 High street, Shadwell, there has just been witnessed the beginning of an enterprise, which, if supported as it deserves, will do much to lighten the lot in life of some of our working women. At that address a philanthropic lady, of abundant energy, but alas! of delicate health, has started a shop which she hoped will be the first of a multitude of workingwomen's co-operative associations, where the public will be able to enter into direct communication with the needle-women, so as to obviate the intervention of the middlemen or sweaters. At the simple little shop in Shadwell, High street, Mrs. Heckford sells articles of dress on the premises by needlewomen, none of whom are required to work more than eight hours a day, in a healthy work-room at a decent wage. The small capital of 500 pounds sterling needed to see this most establishment going has been supplied by some friends interested in the lot of workingwomen, and the success of the experiment will be watched with the keenest interest by all who are acquainted with the sad and often terrible condition of the eastern end needle-women.

How many women there are in the eastern end who live by the needle I do not know. Mrs. Heckford told me that from where we were standing you could go east, west, north and south, and in almost every house that you pass you would find at least one needle-woman. In all London, according to the latest estimate, there are about a quarter of a million women who returned to their homes from the hood by that means—an army of workingwomen more numerous than any other class excepting those engaged in domestic service. The most pity that their lot should be so wretched in fact, in general and just in disputable improvement, and the cost of their labor, it would seem incredible, if it were not too horribly true, that the condition of the needle woman is even worse than that which in the "Song of the Shirt" stirred the workers' hearts. The song of woe might have been composed yesterday, and every word of it might be applied to the needle-women, thousands of whom are crowded together in a solid block of misery, the center of the east end. If in Hood's time these women were chastised with whips, the women of to-day are scourged with the lash of poverty and the scourge of the auctioneer. Should there be any who doubt that this is so, let them take the train from Stepney to Bow road, and plunge into the endless mass of low, red-roofed houses which skirt the right and left as far as eye can reach, and note the number of the windows and banks. In most of these miserable abodes the needle-women are at work. Any time any season will do: they know no holidays except that involuntary one when there is no work to be had, and when grim death itself is their guest, and which they would rather perhaps better to go on a gray, wintry day, for, when a reflection of the sunlight falls into the dens, they are almost too ghastly a picture to look at.

THE "SWEATING" SYSTEM.

And that is how they live and how their work is done. The daily wage is, nearly as possible, for a day's work with them means fourteen or fifteen hours stitching; if they mean to gain a shilling a day. The work is done for large London firms, but before Mrs. Heckford's courageous little experiment there was no direct communication between employer and employed; it is almost all done on the "sweating" system. A "sweater" ("I call them middle-men, it's more polite," said a gentleman the other evening, at a meeting of the Society for the Protection of the Sweated League, but "sweater," though less polite, is more to the point) receives a quantity of work from the employer, which he has to deliver at a certain time and for a certain price, at a moderately good price, I hear; he prices the work as he likes, and then he divides it up to himself and his family, or himself or to another sweater. It is the case that the second "sweater" sublets the work again, and the third once more, each of course profiting by the process. Can it be surprising, then, that the wages of the poor women who make the shirts, trousers, and a dozen shirts, 9 pence for a dozen, bedgowns 4½ pence for a pair of trousers, which last sum is divided between machinist and "fin-her" and 3 pence for a braid knickerbocker suit? How pretty they look in the show-window of the airy frock-trimmed children's fancy frocks and aprons! The workers who earn 1½ pence a finger-stitch, then together can earn 1 shilling a day by them; 1 shilling, 6 pence it she works from 8 a. m. to midnight. No wonder her thin fingers tremble with haste, and that her work may get soles and that her little part of it is not done exactly as prescribed. Woe be to her if the latter be the case! For a walk to the shop to deliver her work means the loss of half a day; and it means a precious penny for the loss of a pair of boots and at times, when she is too weak to walk, the sum of fourpence for riding, and if there is the least fault in one of the articles, the whole dozen—they are usually a dozen—comes back and has to be returned by the worker, who must beware of coming to her destination an hour late than ordered. "Drilling" is then her share—"drilling" means waiting for days, and waiting means starving. Some times in the day the married needle-women may earn some money, but the living, and the misery is not quite so great. The fact, however, is that in the east end thousands of men are always out of work, and it not out of work many of them in the class which live by the poor needle-women are "in trouble" caused by the bread and butter question. It compels them to leave their homes and set up in other quarters s.

THE TEMPTATIONS.

What has been said above applies only to the "honest" needle-women. There is a way by which she can escape poverty and hunger, and that is by going to the "docks." Life in the streets, provided the woman has personal attractiveness, is more remunerative; it pays so well that misery can be bought instead of rags, and idleness and ease take the place of toil and worry. No wonder they sell their temptations so cheaply. Here, for instance, is a little low room. A sewing-machine stands before the window. In front of it sits a tall, pale girl, with large beautiful eyes, full of brilliant light, and her face is in a decline. By her side sits an old lady, with her hand on her needle. "She can not always do the machine sewing now, she faints away so often," the old woman says, looking at her companion. "She goes to the hospital, and they say she must have a purifying food; but all last week we had a washing machine, and she was so nourishing food" she adds, with a humble smile. There is one way of supplying that need, but the girl would rather die. It is no phrase, but a stern reality. She is dying, yes, one among unnumbered examples of the slender, pale, and often the unnoticed martyrdom of the abject poor.

WHY NOT THE KITCHEN.

Why, I ask, in the name of wonder are there still so many women engaged in this work while domestic servants are always wanted? Because, I am told in reply, to become a domestic servant a girl must at least have some idea of decency and order; before she can lay a table she must know what it is to sit at a covered table; and before she can make a bed she ought to have seen something like that on a ragged palisade, or worse still, a bed of straw, the only bed of the only one of the poorest. This is said to be the case with many. But there are many well-skilled in the domesticities who nevertheless starve as seamstresses. It is the common resource of the female unemployed. Nearly everywhere the work can be taken on

One of the Most Unaccountable and Dangerous of Recent Diseases Discovered and Exposed.

There is some mysterious trouble that is attacking nearly everyone in the land with more or less violence. It seems to steal into the body like a thief in the night. Doctors cannot diagnose it. Scientists are puzzled by its symptoms. It is, indeed, a modern mystery. Like those severe and vague maladies that attack horses and prostrate nearly all the animals in the land, this subtle trouble seems to menace mankind. Many of its victims have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; their mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A strange sticky slime collects about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach; sometimes a faint, all gone sensation is felt at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy. Their eyes grow sunken, the hands and feet clammy at one time and burn intensely at others. After a while a cough sets in at first dry, but after a few months it is attended with a greyish colored expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. He becomes nervous, irritable and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a peculiar whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become costive, and then, again, outflow intensely; the skin is dry and hot at times; the blood grows thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow; the urine is scanty and high colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently spitting up of the food, sometimes with sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is often attended with palpitation of the heart. The vision becomes impaired, with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of prostration and great weakness. Most of these symptoms are in turn present. It is thought, that nearly one-third of our population have this disorder in some of its varied forms, while medical men have almost wholly mistaken their nature. Some have treated it for one complaint, some for another, but nearly all have failed to reach the seat of the disorder. Indeed, many physicians are afflicted with it themselves. The experience of Dr. A. G. Richards, residing at No. 46 Tremont street, Boston, is thus described by himself:

"I had all those peculiar and painful symptoms which I have found afflict so many of my patients, and which have so often baffled me. I knew all the commonly established remedies would be unavailing for I had tried them often in the past. I therefore determined to strike out in a new path. To my intense satisfaction I found that I was improving. The dull, stupid feeling departed and began to enjoy life once more. My appetite returned. My sleep was refreshing. The color of my face which had been a sickly yellow gradually became the pink tinge of health. In the course of three weeks I felt like a new man. I know that it was wholly owing to the wonderful efficiency of Warner's Peppercane, the best, which was all the medicine I took."

Doctors and scientists often exhaust their skill and the patient dies. They try everything that has been used by, or is known to, the profession, and then fail. Even if they save the life it is often after great and prolonged agony. Where all this can be avoided by precaution and care, how insane a thing it is to endure such suffering! With a pure and palatable preparation within reach, to neglect its use is simply inexcusable.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE: Mr. Rutherford B. Hayes, roadmaster of Freemont township, Sandusky, Ohio, announces in a local paper that he will not make any speeches during the present political campaign. It is now understood that Mr. Hayes is now engaged upon the greatest effort of his life—a rooco hen coop with Queen Anne perches and a gothic back door which opens on a South Kensington feed-box. Mr. Hayes will also be remembered as the gentleman who ate Mr. Tilden's thanksgiving dinner in 1876.

FARGO REPUBLICAN: It takes three men to hand out the refreshments that McMasters is dispensing at Pierre. Bands of music are contributing to the McMasters boom. Black Hills soap is plentiful, and will be used unsparingly. The personal organ of McMasters says Raymond will have 98 on the first ballot. McMasters 92, Gifford 70, Bentley 25, Laird 10, Mellette 60, doubtful 31.

The name of the Iowa & Dakota railroad has been changed to Sioux Falls Fairbank & Western. Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of Dakota. The charter provides for a road 600 miles in length, including the numerous branches, beginning at Sioux Falls, Dakota, extending north and west to Deadwood, Dakota, also a branch north toward Bismarck.

PHILADELPHI CALL: Butler has not yet announced his intention to accompany Belva Lockwood's campaign songs on the lyre. He is not that kind of an

Sealed proposals will be received until October 1, 1884, for the delivery at Bismarck, Dakota, by October 15, 1884, of two hundred thousand (200,000) pounds of new oats; also for the delivery at above of two hundred thousand (200,000) pounds of Old Oats.

Bids for the above are to be separate and distinct from each other.

All bids should be addressed to the Medora Cattle and Horse Raisers' Association, Medora, D. T.

The undersigned reserves the right to accept any and all bids.

A. T. FARRAR.

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